

traders. A few quotations from his journal will illustrate the affair more fully, and I have no doubt will be acceptable to the reader, as being better told than I can tell it.

After disregarding the friendly cautionary hints of Wa-wat-am, an Ojibway Indian who had adopted him as a brother, but who dared not altogether disclose the plan of attack formed by his people, Mr. Henry resumes his narrative as follows:—

“The morning was sultry. A Chippeway came to tell me that his nation was going to play at Baggiaway with the Sacs or Saukies, another Indian nation, for a high wager. He invited me to witness the sport, adding that the commandant was to be there, and would bet on the side of the Chippeways. In consequence of this information, I went to the commandant and expostulated with him a little, representing that the Indians might possibly have some sinister end in view, but the commandant only smiled at my suspicions. . . .

“I did not go myself to see the match, which was now to be played without the fort, because, there being a canoe prepared to depart on the following day to Montreal, I employed myself in writing letters to my friends; and even when a fellow trader, Mr. Tracy, happened to call on me, saying that another canoe had just arrived from Detroit, and proposing that I should go with him to the beach to inquire the news, it so happened that I still remained to finish my letters, promising to follow Mr. Tracy in the course of a few minutes. Mr. Tracy had not gone more than twenty paces from the door, when I heard an Indian war-cry and a noise of general confusion. Going instantly to my window, I saw a crowd of Indians within the fort, furiously cutting down and scalping every Englishman they found. In particular, I witnessed the fate of Lieut. Jenette.

I had, in the room in which I was, a fowling piece, loaded with swan shot. This I immediately seized, and